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CHAPTER L.

TOM SCOTT TO THE RESCUE.

"Here's Dyea, and this is Skaguay. The White pass starts off here and goes right plumb over the mountains like

he was ornamenting the floor of the village store in Merrivale, where everything was dispensed from postage stamps to lace curtains.

Clustered about his kneeling figure were a dozen men of all ages whose eyes were eagerly following the rude map of Alaska which Hank Merritt was drawing for their benefit

For stories of the wonderful wealth even this remote place among the hills pended, although he was far from susof New Hampshire, and the Globe reports of the lucky strikes made by venturesome argonauts had stirred the blood of every man in the village until the riches of the Yukon valley had become the all-engrossing topic among those who met every evening at this public rendezvous to pass an hour or two after their day's toll was finished.

"This is where you strike the lake," he continued, "an' then it's 'bout all water the rest o' the way, near as I can make out. Gold is so plenty they dig it out jest as easy as we spade up worms to go fishing with. Gee whiz! I'd like to try it if it warn't so darned far off don't like it." an' didn't cost so much to git there."

his artistic efforts, and when the hand regarding the favorite topic.

"The steamer P. W. Weare had eight miners on board who brought out a

As the reader paused one might have heard a pin drop, so intense was the si-lence for fully a minute. Then a dozen distinguished.

the paper and hastened to the farm fists balled up involuntarily. where he was employed with a wild impulse surging through his brain. In his pulse surging through his brain. In his pay no attention to the matter, but little room under the eaves he eagerly Tom Scott was of different caliber. It devoured the article he had heard at the store, and in another column he found an interview with one of the pioneers of Dawson City, giving full detalls as to the proper outfit and its cost.

It was midnight when the stalwart young farmer sought his couch, and for the first time in his healthy life sleep ability to do so. refused to come to him, for he had made up his mind to leave the village where the greater part of his youth had been lowed them to gain several yards on spent and seek his fortune in this disstrong hands seemed able to force Nature to relax her ley grip on her golden stores.

Tom Scott's life had been an uneventful one. He was the only son of a sea captain and until the death of his mother they lived on Cape Cod. Then an uncle took him on his farm at Merrivale and his father continued his roving life. A few years ago, however, Obed Rider, a native of Merrivale, who had sailed with Tom's father as mate, returned to the village with a story which made a great sensation at the time. It was to the effect that Capt. Scott had deserted his ship at San Francisco and absconded with a large sum of money belonging to the owners.

Tom was a lad of 18 at the time, but few eye-witnesses would ever forget the scene when he burled the lie at the brawny sailor and fought like a young tiger until overpowered by the brute strength of his father's defamer, whose nose was disfigured for life in the encounter and who vowed vengeance for his injury.

This was four years ago, but Tom Scott still felt the disgrace cast upon his name. His uncle had now been dead over three years, and Tom had saved the wages paid him by the farmer for whom he had worked since that time, until he possessed about \$400, which was deposited in the village sav-ings bank. This would buy him a miner's outfit, but how to reach the far northwest was the problem.

His sleep was troubled that night, but with the morning came the determination to start at once for Boston and trust to fortune to join one of the numerous expeditions organizing

His announcement was received with amazement, but Tom Scott was a man of prompt action, and that afternoon saw him in Boston. He had been in the city several times before, and had no difficulty in finding a respectable hotel where the rate was within his means, but by the time he had eaten his supper it was growing dark and a thick snow storm set in. He determined, however, to love no time in his search, and made his way to the water front, where he had no doubt he could obtain all the needed information.

Atlantic avenue was practically deerted when he reached it, and the big lakes had covered the ground with a white mantle which made his footsteps inaudible as he walked along, not without a slight feeling of uneasiness as he thought of his little capital strapped And the speaker made a bold stroke about his waist under his clothes in a with a huge piece of chalk with which waterproof belt which had been his first purchase.

As he approached a saloon from which came a confused murmur of voices and a sharp clinking of glasses, two men came out directly in front of him and turned in the direction in which he was walking, being only a few feet in advance. Coming from the well-lighted saloon as they did into the thick storm, they failed to notice Tom, of this far-off Eldorado had penetrated and upon this fact his whole future depecting such an improbable thing at the time.

"I tell you he's going on that bark to San Francisco," said the taller of the two men, eagerly. "He's bound for the Klondike, and he must have a fat roll with him. I heard him say he would buy his outfit out there. We can lay for him on the dock when he is going on board.'

"It's a risky job," replied the other, nervously. "Oh, what's the matter with you!"

was the angry rejoinder. "Nothing, but we take great risks. I

"There's no risk at all," urged the The arrival of the mail interrupted other. "All we have to do is just tap him-on the head and go through him ful of letters had been put away the The whole thing won't take a minute postmaster was called upon to read and we can be at the West end before aloud from the papers anything new he knows what struck him. I'm going to have his stuff, and if you want to go back on me, I'll-'

The rest of the sentence was indis total of \$460,000. Others had \$10,000 to tinguishable. The word Klondike had \$30,000 apiece, and some refused to give naturally attracted Tom's attention, their figures. The steamer Portland and he had involuntarily strained to brought down \$1,000,000. One min got catch the men's conversation, but he \$216 from a pan of dirt, and two miners felt a sudden thrill of horror as he cleaned up \$6,000 in a single day's realized the full import of what he had just heard.

What could be do? That the mer were planning a robbery, if not a murder, was evident. He could not warn voices broke out in exclamations of the intended victim, for he had no amazement and disbelief and in the means of finding or knowing him, and turmoil nothing intelligible could be to lose sight of the men to find an officer was out of the question. Then There was one listener, however, who the athletic young fellow set his teeth said nothing, but after the res: had and shrugged his broad shoulders, calmed down a bit he secured a copy of while under his gloves a pair of hard

To some it might have occurred to was true that he had seen little of the great world, but he was brave to a fault, and nature had added a tall well-knit frame to this gift. He determined to prevent the villains from eccomplishing their purpose if it lay in his power, and had no doubt of his

Fearful that the men might turn and see him, he slackened his pace and alspent and seek his fortune in this dis-tant land, where a stout heart and himself and hoping each moment to see an officer.

But none appeared, and soon the two thugs turned into a dark, narrow alleyway, which led to one of the wharves, and were lost to view.

Tom was in a quandary. To venture into the place was to invite attack from the villains, and he decided to wait in a convenient doorway until the intended victim came along or an officer should appear to whom he could tell his story.

A few yards to the right be found a sheltered recess in front of a block, and took up his station, keeping a sharp lookout in the direction of the saloon where he naturally supposed the man was enjoying himself. A short dis lance away a street lamp shope dimly through the falling snow and threw a broad band of light on the sidewalk, eross which no one could pass without

being seen by him. It was a situation to try the stoutest nerves, for Tom was unarmed, and the man he was trying to save might be intoxicated, while the two robbers would surely be provided with all the tools of their trade. A dozen schemes flashed through his mind as he crouched in the shadow, only to be discarded as useless. The time dragged slowly enough, but his resolution did

not falter. Suddenly a dark figure came staggering across the lighted space and Tom's heart gave a bound. Was this his man? Would he have sense enough to understand his danger?

No, the drunken sailor lurched heavily along and turned up a side street a short distance beyond the alleyway where the men were hidden.

Another and still another followed at intervals, but none paused on their way and Tom began to wonder if his ears had not played him false. He was beginning to waver when a slight crunching noise at his left caused him to turn quickly in time to see the form of a a moment ago?" man disappear in the alleyway, having approached from the opposite direction while Tom was looking up the avenue. What was to be done?

He stood for a moment with his heart beating tumultuously and every nerve | both ran up this way." tingling. Then from the dark opening

came a muffled cry, followed by an oath and the sound of a struggle.

Tom cast one quick look about him No one was in sight and the next in-stant he had pulled off his gloves and darted up the passageway at full speed. | time had made good their escape. The darkness was intense for a short distance, but after a few yards he emerged into a small open space in the midst of which the three men were

writhing and twisting in desperate tery street," he said to the unit in a few moments they stood before the struggles. Tom was unable to distining a few moments they stood before the official in a well-lighted room telling reached the spot one man tore himself free and shouted:

"Helpi Police! Stand back or I'll

The rest of his threat was drowned by a heavy blow from a blackjack. which knocked the weapon from his

"Stop!" cried Tom, springing to ward the assailant.

He was too late, for a second blow stretched the stranger senseless and bleeding on the snow, and with an angry snarl the robber turned just as Tom's right fist shot out with tremendous

Down went the man like a stricken ox and Tom grappled with the other with a shout of triumph. His blood was up, and, lifting his smaller opponent bodily from the ground, he shook him as a mastiff would a terrier.

"Hands off!" panted the helpless man, fiercely. "Curse you, what are you trying to do?"

He was not long in doubt, for Tom hurled him against the side of a ctone building with such force that he fell in an inert heap and lay motionless. Tom turned to see what had becom-

of the taller man, but at that instant he felt a sharp pain in his side and a strong hand seized him by the throat and bent him backwards, while a hoarse voice hissed in his ear:

"Take that for your pains, you meddling fool!"

With a desperate effort he twisted himself free from his assailant, springing aside barely in time to escape an other lunge of the murderous knife he had just felt.

Again the fellow lunged viciously at him, but Tom eaught his wrist, and a desperate struggle ensued. Although much the stronger man, Tom found it no easy task to avoid the blade, and the two swaved back and forth over the snow, the man trying to free his hand for a decisive stroke, and Tom bending all his efforts to prevent it. Soon, how ever, his iron grip began to tell, and he felt his enemy's muscles relax. Putting all his strength into a supreme effort, he wrenched the knife free, exclaim

ing:
"I've got you now, you murderer, and I don't leave you till you are behind the bars!

But even in the moment of his victory he felt a cold ring of steel pressed against his car, and these words sounded behind him:

"Hold up your hands, mister, or you're a dead man! Quick, I say, or I'll shoot!" It was a moment of fearful peril

There was murder in the man's tones and Tom felt it. He released his grasp slowly, and the larger man pushed him suddenly backward, crying: "Shoot him, you idiot!"

His action saved Tom's life, for the other man pressed the trigger at the



same instant, the bullet passing a fool in front of the young man's face, and flattening against the wall at his side. Tom still retained the knife, and with quick slash he struck the hand which held the revolver, causing the owner to drop it, with a yell of pain, and dash off toward the street at full speed, followed by his companion, who had evidently no desire to face Tom alone.

As the men disappeared he turned, to find the stranger he had rescued groaning with pain, and trying to get on his

"Take my arm and see if you can't stand," said Tom. "Are you badly hurt?"

"My right arm is helpless, and my head goes round like a top," was the faint reply; "but I'm coming round all right, I guess. I got a nasty clip from one of them cutthroats. I came to just as that chap pulled his gun on you, and I tried to get up, but everything awam round so I couldn't. You're a plucky

"Can you get up?" interrupted Tom, hastily. "If you can I'll just find that platol and we'll get away from this place. If not, I'M leave you the weapon and go after help. I'm cut in the side, but I don't know how bad it is."

A moment's search discovered the veapon, and after assisting the injured man to his feet they were moving slowly up the wharf when a bright ray of light suddenly penetrated the darkness and a tall policeman appeared before them, throwing the searching beams of a dark lantern upon them.

"What's going on down there?" he demanded. "Didn't I hear a shot just

Tom was about to reply when his companion exclaimed: "Two men knocked me down and

here, who pitched into them. They "I passed two men," said the officer.

"One was tall and the other short. Were they the ones?"

Upon receiving at affirmative reply, he turned on his beels and dashed off in pursuit of the evildoers, who by this

As the avenue was reached a herdic happened along and Tom hailed it at his companion's suggestion. "Take us to the police station on Bat-tery street," he said to the driver, and

their story. A physician was in attendance upon a prisoner and he soon made a rapid examination of their wounds. "A few strips of plaster will fix your scalp all right," said he to the elder

man, "and your arm is only numb from the blow. You'll be all right to-mor-row." Then turning to Tom, he added: "You have had a very narrow escape from death, young man. That knife

was meant for your heart. As it is, it glanced on a rib and there is no damage done. It is only a slight fiesh wound, which will give you no trouble what-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STORY OF A FRANC.

Pretty Incident Told of Baron Rothschild of Paris - Charity Rewarded.

One of the closest friends of Baron Rothschild of Paris was Carolus Duran, the artist. During the entire course of a certain large dinner party the great financier noted that the painter kept looking at him with a most intent and peculiar expression. After the coffee and cigars the baron drew his friend aside and said: "My dear fellow, pray tell me why you have stared at me so peculiarly this evening?"

"I'll tell you with pleasure," answered Duran; "I am painting a beggar for the salon, and have looked all over Paris for a suitable head to draw from. I've finally found it. Yours is the ideal." Rothschild laughed heartly and promised to sit for his friend in suit-

able attire on the following day. During the progress of the sitting a young artist, one of Duran's pupils, came into the room. Naturally he had not been in a position to meet people of Baron Rothschild's importance, and so did not know him; but the beggar's miserable rags, wan face and wistful expression appealed deeply to the young man's sympathies. Waiting un-til his master was busy mixing colors, the pupil took a franc from his vest pocket and held it out behind his back to the model, who seized it with feigned avidity.

When the sitting was over Rothschild made inquiries of Duran concerning the philanthropist, and was informed that he was a student of great promise and attainments, but among the poorest of the inhabitants of the Latin quarter.

Some six months after this occurrence the young man received a note which ran about as follows:

"Dear Sir: The franc that you gave in charity to a beggar in the studio of Mr. Duran has been invested by us, and we take pleasure in forwarding to you our check for 2,000 francs, the principal and increment of the same. Yours, etc., Rothschild & Cie."-Harper's Round Table.

Hints for Marriageable Girls. Do not"choose an opposite." You will

be opposite enough in time. Either put down your foot on his cigar before marriage or make up your mind to keep quiet about it afterward. Learn to cook and sew, and above all things, to learn to look sweet and keep still when you feel mad enough to take the roof off.

See and hear all the plays, operas and concerts you can during the engagement; bad weather is apt to interfere

Take your mother's advice on the question of a husband, provided she took her mother's.

Don't ask your brother about the personal habits of a suitor; he can't tell you enough to matter without giving imself away, and he won't do that. Do not be offended when his sister

wonders what any woman of taste can see in him to admire. Just remember how much you know of your own brother's shortcomings.-Chicago Tribune.

The Church Bells in a Tree.

Rather more than 20 years ago the HOGS-Yorkers church in Therfield, Herts, was rebuilt; altogether including the rebuilding of the chancel, for which the rector was responsible, a sum of \$27,435 was spent on the work. There were not, however, sufficient funds to complete the rebuilding, and the upper portion of the tower and the porch remain unfinished to the present time. about \$5,000 being required for completion. As there was no belfry in which to place the bells, one was hung on the branch of a large walnut tree in the rectory, close, adjoining the churhcyard. There it does its duty, calling the people of Therfield to church, and patiently waiting for the time when, through the liberality of friends, it may be removed to a belfry where it will join with five old companions (now stored away in the church) in a merry peal on their restoration to their proper home.-London Sketch.

Why He Didn't Desert.

The inquisitorial magisterial inquisies have elicited some humorous answers. An old sailor of 75, who reminded the magistrate that he had helped to work the ship that took Sir George Gray and Bishop Selwyn to England, was asked had he ever been in prison. "Not to my knowledge," was the reply of the ancient mariner. The court smiled again when, in answer to the query whether he had ever deserted his wife, the ancient mariner indig would have robbed me but for this man | nantly retorted: "I never had no occa sion to." "Some do it without any oc easion," dryly observed the magistrate. -London Chronicle.

THE ICE MACHINE'S PART.

At Last There Has Been a New Fen ture Introduced Into Uncle Tom's Cabin.

There is a new wrinkle in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" theatrical companies. One of them, which is ransacking the state of New Jersey for audiences, has hit upon the device of buying a refrigerating machine and using real blocks of ice in the scene in which Eliza, pursued by a pack of barking mongrels, crosses the river carrying in her arms a stuffed doll.

The icemating reaching

pursued by a pack of barking mongreis, stuffed doll.

The icemaking machine has proved an enormous success. At the Ridgewood opera house, where the ice machine played a few evenings ago, a frantic crowd fought its way through the doors. At the first performances the ice machine was kept in the background. Several cakes were manufactured before the performance and placed on the green baize river. They were carrially sanded on the surface, so that when Eliza made her grand dash for liberty she would not turn undignified somersunits. The ice machine, however, had been so largely advertised that yokels wanted to see it. They sat in their places after the curtain descended upon the solemn death of Little Eva and howled for the ice machine to come but and show itself. The stage manager and a couple of deck hands had to carry it down to the footlights. Then they turned the handle and, amid uproarous applause, the machine produced a cake of real ice.

Since then a part has been written in the play for the ice machine. When the river seene opens a couple of southern speculators are discovered experimenting with the machine. They produce their ice, and not having any immediate use for it turn it into the river, and it sits upon the river surface at proper intervals to accommodate Eliza's lootsteps. A colored man comes out and sprinkles sand over the ice in full view of the audience.—Chicago Chronicle.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

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"East Lynne" as Reviewed by a Wild and Woolly Topeka Reporter.

The reports from those who attended the production of "East Lynne" in all its gorgeous misconception the other night unite in pronouncing it a little the worst show that has ever cracked 14 square yards of plastering off the ceiling of the opera house in this city. Lady Isabel was about as bewitching as a sun-kissed maiden of Senegambia, and a man who would fall in love with her would fall into a coal pit through a two-inch guard rail. When she returned from the mountains of Germany as Miss Vane to play the nursery maid to her son she looked as though she had played hookey from a smallpox graveyard. The special scenery where she met Sir Francis Levison and made a post-mortem contract to run away with him looked like a cross between the malaria-smearch hills of Arkansas and a diseased vermitorm appendix.

the malaria smeared hills of Arkanasa and a diseased vermiform appendix.

Mr. Carlyle had a voice which had to be raised with a derrick in order for the people in the back part of the audience to hear it, and then when it was at its highest pitch the tackle would break or some one would knock the blocking from under it and it would fall like the price of steers during a democratic administration. Barbara Hare looked as though she had been left over from a bargain sale and didn't care much whether her insurance ran out or not. Aunt Cornelia had a voice that sounded like a cross between an army mule with a ringworm and a cross-cut voice that sounded like a cross between an army mule with a ringworm and a cross-cut saw, and was built a good deal like an Oklahoma cyclone on stilts. The only good thing about the cotire show that a good deal of it was left out and it could have been improved upon by taking a meat ax and cutting out the rest of it and turning the actors into the corufields and kitchens where they belong.—Topeka Journal.

The Life Saver of Children. is Hoxsie's Croup Cure. It is the only safe and sure cure for croup and pneumonia. No opium to stupefy. No ipecas to nauseate. 50 cents. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

He who builds according to every man's advice will have a queer structure.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. druggists refund money if to fails to cure. Some people say a great deal, but talk very little.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS

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J	FLOUR 8 2	60	\$ 2.95
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	RVE-No. 2 western	61 402	8474
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	EGGS-Western	14 02	20
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	BUTTER-Creamery firsts	241413	20
	CHEESE-York state, cream.	1875	1.5
	Ohio state, cream	201	12
	EGGS-Fresh laid	20 0	21
	POTATOES-Per bush	21 0	50
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	HAY-Timothy 9		12 00
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	CATTLE-Steers, choice 4	50 2	5 10
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PLOUR-Family
WHEAT No. 2 red
CORN-No. 2 mixed.
OATS-No. 2 mixed.
RYE-No. 2
HOGS. 2 75 G 2 75 70 V G 71 3 N 75 75 5 N 6 25 10 V G 25 10 V TOLEDO. BEEVES-Stockers Veals
SHEEP-Mixed sheep
Lambs HOGS-Yorkers ...

CINCINNATI

PITTSBURG. HOGS-Prime heavy...



Look at your tongue ! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out o order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE White

A Most Extraordinary Club, Mrs. Ada Brown Talbot, of New York, ed-or of the Clubwoman, says that the most Mrs. Ada Brown Talbot, of New York, ed-itor of the Ciubwoman, says that the most extraordinary club she ever ran across is conducted by a demure and dignified little woman of seven, the daughter of a club president. The editor called one day, and was received by her little friend with open

was received by her little friend with open arms.

"At last I've got a chair," she said.

"I am very glad," my dear," said the editor. "I hope it is comfortable and pretty,"
"Oh, it is not for me; it is for my club."

"If didn't know you had a club."
"Of course I have—just like mamma. My dolly is president, and I got the chair for her. You see," she explained, in a whisper, "there's only dollies in it, and the dolly that makes the most noise is president, just like mamma's club. That's my dolly. She talks when you push her back. I broked the spring, and now she talks till she is runned down. So she's president. Don't you think that's nice!"

And Mrs. Talbot said she did,—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Palace on Wheels

Palace on Wheels
is a somewhat hackneyed term as applied to
railroad trains, but it accurately describes
the Alton Limited, the newly equipped day
trains of the Chicago & Alton B. R. Co.
which were placed in daily service between
Chicago and St. Louis, November 16, 1899.
The equipment consists of standard Chicago
& Alton passenger locomotive; United
States postal car, sixty-six feet in length;
combination passenger and baggage car,
combination parlor chair car; cafe and bufets moking car and Pullman parlor observation car, each of which is seventy-two feet
six inches in length. The framing of all
these cars is Pullman standard with Empire
decks, wide vestibules, standard steel platforms and anti-telescoping device. All of
the cars are lighted with electric lights except the mail car and combination passenger
coach and baggage car, which are lighted
with Pintsch gas. The windows throughout
the entire train are of uniform width, the
Gothic lights above being of the new Pulman standard. The ornamentation is of special design, the color scheme being maroon.
Great care has been used in the selection of
plushes and woods for the interior, and the
lamps, metal furnishings, etc., are of special
design. It is claimed that there has never
been built in America a train which has received as much attention as to constructive
details as has The Alton Limited. An examination of this superb train certainly
bears out this claim.

"Oh, yes, he bates all women." "I wondes whet particular woman he bears with " Palace on Wheels

"Oh, yes, he hates all women." "I we der what particular woman he began with?

—Indianapolis Journal.

Many People Cannot Drink

Many People Cannet Drink
coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You
can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep
like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate;
it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks
and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous
persons, young people and children Grain-O
is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains.
Get a package from your grocer to-day. Try
it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

The great trouble seems to be that bad k is natural, while people are compelled work for good luck.—Atchison Globe.

North Carolina. Reliable information concerning the climate, farming, trucking, fruit, mineral and timbered lands in North Carolina will be furnished to those applying to John W. Thompson, Assistant Commissioner, Raleigh, N. C. With its unsurpassed climate and its undeveloped resources, North Carolina is to be the bonanza of the future. It presents many attractions to home seekers.

For real genuine sarcastic comment, you are referred to the tombatones in the cometery.—Atchison Globe.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick head-ache. Price 25 and 50c.

It is only in accord with the eternal fit-ness of things that the crook should always be on mischief bent.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine Made New Woman of Mrs. Kuhn.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 64,492] "DEAB MRS. PINEHAM-I think it is my duty to write to you expressing my sincere gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. 1 tried different doctors, also different kinds of medicine. I would feel better at times, then would be as bad as ever.

"For eight ver ferer. I had falling of the womb and was in such misery at my monthly periods I could not work but a little before I would have to lie down. Your medicine has made a new woman of me. I can now work all day and not get tired. I thank you for what you have done for me. I shall always praise your medicine to all suffering women. -Mrs. E. E. Kuhn, Germano, Ohio.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of your Sanative Wash, also some of the Liver Pills, and I can say that your remedies will do all that you claim for them. Before taking your remedies I was very bad with womb trouble, was nervous, had no ambition, could not sleep, and my food seemed to do me no good. Now I am well, and your medicine has cured me. I will gladly recommend your medicine to every one wherever I go."-MRS. M. L. SHEARS, GUN MARSH, MICH.

Two famous pictures

printed in ten colors, ready for framing, will be given free to any person who will send a quarter for Three Months' subscription to Democrat's Family Magazine, the great paper for home life. Thousands subscribe for Democrat's as a gift to their daughters. Demorat's is the great American authority on Fashions. For forty years it has been read in the best families of America, and has done more to educate women in

done more to educate women in true love of good literature than any other magazine. The special offer of these two great pictures and Three Months' subscription to Demorest's for 25c. is made for 60 days only.

days only. Write at once. Demorest's Family Magazine, Art Department. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives